Huntly Johnson, when his friend the fashion of the newly-accepted lover, had finished a panegyric in praise

of his lady-love. Dick Beaufort and Huntly Johnson

were bosom friends; as young lawyers they occupied the same chambers in the city, and had never in their lives had a serious quar-

"Don't you think she is quite the loveliest girl in London, Huntly?" continued Beaufort, ardently.

"Yes, old man," replied his friend, "I think she is much better looking than that celebrated actress. Kitty Hawthorne, whom you-er-well, were rather sweet on, don't you know?"

"I certainly did make a fool of myself over that girl, but that was some time ago. I hope Dorothy has never heard about it. You know, she is just a little bit jealous," said Dick Beaufort, a triffe uneasily.

"Yes, I believe she is rather jealous," said his friend.

"How in the world can you know anything about it, old chap," said Beaufort, rather surprised; "but I have heard you were rather gone on her yourself not long ago, and, in fact, that you proposed to her, eh?"

"Perhaps I did," said Johnson, staring hard at the ceiling.

"Well, I'm going out this evening. Sorry I can't ask you to come with me. Hope you'll enjoy yourself, old man."

"I dare say I shall," responded Johnson, trying to force a smile. "I think l know where you are going; at any rate, It is howhere where an old bachelor like myself is wanted."

The door banged, and Huntly Johnson was left alone with his thoughts, character.

"So she has filted me and accepted Dick Beaufort, has she?" soliloquized the young man. "Well, I always thought that I was rather more of a favorite with the girls than he, but then, be is so handsome." He thought for some time, and as he pondered his face grew darker and darker. "No," he suddenly shouted, "he sha'n't marry her; though he is my greatest friend. God knows I love her more than I do thought again for some time, and then murmured to himself, softly: "I know, What is the good of a hobby if one uoes not use it for practical purposes?"

It must here be explained that Huntly Johnson was an exceedingly successful amateur photographer, and he had some time ago learned how to do what is called in the phraseology of the photographer "double printing." This consists in printing different pictures on the paper by means of using two distinct negatives. Now, Huntly Johnson had taken a snap-shot of Dick Beaufort kissing his sister some time back, which Miss Farquhar had not seen; he had also taken a photo of Kitty Hawthorne.

He now proposed to print Kitty Hawthorne's face instead of Miss Beaufort's into the photograph, and as the two girts were of similar size and build, the



"JOHNSON! WHAT DOES THIS

MEANT photograph would appear to represent Dick embracing Kitty Hawthorne. If Dorothy were to see this photograph, Johnson reflected that she would probably treak off her engagement with Dick Beaufort Immediately, especially as the photograph would be carefully dated some days after her betrothal. It was a mean trick to play any man, and Huntly Johnson felt more than ever ashamed of himself for acting in such a dishonorable manner toward his old friend. But he was o. a very firm nature, and had determined that by fair means or foul he would prevent the marriage.

The next morning Johnson went to his dark-room, and, bringing out the negatives, succeeded, by means of the process before described, in producing the desired result. He chuckled to himself when he thought of the effect which it would have on Dorothy Farquhar, but his pleasure was considerably lessened when he pictured to himself the pain which he would cause a friend who had always acted nobly toward him.

As Dick Beaufort was going out that evening, Johnson asked him if he thought Miss Farquhar would care to come in on a certain date which he mentioned and look over some photos which he had taken lately. Dick Beaufort knew that Dorothy, who took what is called a "sisterly interest" in Huntly Johnson, would be pleased to come, especially as she took a great interest in photography herself; so he replied: "Certainly, old fellow, I'll give her your message. I'm sorry that I have an engagement on the 15th, but I have no doubt you two will be quite interested discussing photography."

Johnson thought it just as well that Dick should be out on that particular date, and he quite agreed with his friend that Dorothy Farquhar and he would be very much interested, perhaps painfully so as to one party.

Huntly Johnson had all his latest photographs in readiness on the day in mestion, and as he heard the knock at the door which announced Miss Farquhar's arrival, he placed a certain photograph on the table in a fairly con-

spicuous place. Johnson forgot all about Dick and the shabby trick he was pinying him as he talked to this charming girl. "What lovery photographs you take, Mr. Johnson. I really think they are better than those of many professionals, the por-

traits are so extremely life-like. Now. GLASS this one of-Oh, Mr. Johnson, whatever is this?-Dick, and-and an actress; taken yesterday, too! Oh, it can't be ELL old fellow, I my Dick." The poor girl sank into a wish you joy," said | chair, and it was only Johnson's pres-

Dick Beaufort, after | felt sincerely sorry for her, but he realized that he had put his hand to the plough, and that he could not now turn back.

ence which restrained her from crying.

For the first time, Huntly Johnson

"I-er-that is, I really am very sorry that you have seen that photograph. I did not know it was on the table." By this time Miss Farquhar, being

a very self-possessed girl, had quite recovered herself. "Will you be so good as to give me a

sheet of note paper and a pen, Mr. Johnson?" she said, coldly.

"Certainly; can I be of any use to you in any other way, Miss Farquhar?" "No, thank you. I merely wish to write Mr. Beaufort a short note," returned the girl.

She sat down and, though Johnson could see she was still very much affected, wrote on bravely for a few minutes; then she handed the note to Huntly Johnson, requesting him to give it to Mr. Beaufort, and wishing him a good afternoon, left the house with a firm determination never to return to it.

Presently Dick entered the room. "Oh, I thought I should arrive before she left," he said in a rather disappointed tone, "A note from her, though. How awfully sweet of her to write." Huntly Johnson was seized with a sudden fear lest Dorothy might have betrayed him in the note she had written. "Whatever is this?" shouted Beaufart, as he glanced over the first line of the note.

"Look here, Huntly," cried the young man, clutching hold of his friend's arm, "what can she mean by writing about 'faithlessness,' 'love for another woman, etc? Look at the letter, man."

Huntly's face turned ghastly white as he took the letter from the other's trembling hand, but as he read on he looked more relieved.

"I'm afraid she means to give you which were not of the most pleasing up, old boy. She said nothing to me about it, though. I should go and see her if I were you; there is evidently some misunderstanding."

Johnson knew he was quite safe in saying that much, as he felt sure Dorothy would refuse to see Dick. At any rate it would get him out of the way for a time.

"By Jove, I think I will," said Beaufort, slightly cheered by this suggestion; and rushing out of the room, he made his way to Dorohim, But how can I prevent it?" He thy's house, which was not far distant. Looking at his watch, he found it was still early in the evening, and he felt quite certain of seeing his lady-love and explaining everything there and then. On inquiring for Miss Farquhar, Beaufort "as informed that she was engaged, and could see him on no pretext

whatever. "Tell her that I must see her. It is a matter of importance."

But the servant merely repeated her message, and would not even agree to take Miss Farquhar a small note, scribbled on half a sheet of note paper. "Miss Farquhar said she would see you on no account whatever, sir," was all that the maid would say.

The door shut in Dick Beaufort's face and he was left alone on the doorstep; he remained there thunderstruck for a few minutes and then slowly walked on. wondering what on earth could have given rise to Dorothy's unfair accusations. He paying attentions to a woman whose character was, to say the least of it, shady! Was it likely that when he had gained the love of a creature little short of an angel in his estimation, he would be trying to do the same thing with another woman?

Someone must have been giving her false information about him, that was certain. But who could be the culprit? Probably one of her admirers, who was jealous of his success. Could to be Huntly Johnson? The thought chased Itself quickly through his brain, and left It as speedily as it had entered. No: it was an ungenerous thought; he felt certain that his old friend would be incapable of such an action.

Huntly Johnson was in his own sitting room as Dick entered the house

"She won't even see me," the latter cried, throwing open the door, breathless with excitement; "isn't it a shame, Huntly? I've done nothing to deserve her throwing me over like this. I think some cad must have been telling her lies about me."

Huntly Johnson winced at this, but, luckily for him. Beaufort did not notice it. Beaufort walked to the table, and began absently to turn over some photographs which were lying there. Suddenly the other saw him start as he took up a photograph in his hand; Johnson made a wild clutch at it, but it was too

"Johnson, what does this mean?" shouted the young man. "A photograph of me kissing Kitty Hawthorne! Impossible! I never did such a thing in my life." Suddenly his former suspicion, that Johnson was the cause of all this trouble, returned to him. "Johnson, don't deny it," he said; "confess that you did this out of spite because I was going to marry Dorothy Farquhar."

An explanation ensued, Johnson was certainly subdued and humiliated by Dick Beaufort's kindness. He offered to make the only amends in his power, namely to go to Dorothy's house and them.-Florette, in Chicago Inter Ocean. confess everything. At first, in answer to his knock, a message was returned that Miss Farquhar was engaged and refused to see him, but by dint of perseverence he was at last allowed to enter. Dorothy at first treated him coldly, but on learning the object of his visit she reproached him bitterly for his duplicity, but gradually began to take a more lenient view of his conduct, and

at last forgave him. Huntly Johnson returned home somewhat sad, but happier than he had been for several days. Dick Beaufort and Dorothy were married three months later, and thus ended "The Story of a Photograph."

Easy Marks for Capid.

Justice Martin had a rather heavy wedding ceremony to perform yesterday afternoon, in which the groom weighed 300 pounds, while the bride tipped the scales at 286 pounds. The contracting couple were George Hayes, grain asafoetida pills for the nerves; a 45 years of age, and Lettie Kelly, aged 28 years.-Chicago Inter Ocean.

The wedding of Dr. W. L. Vroom and Miss Blanche Miller the other day in the St. Paramus Dutch church at Ridgewood, N. J., was the first wedding in the church since that of Aaron Burn and Mrs. Theodosia Prevost, 113 years | a pressed pansy and a crumpled rose

FASHION

LATEST NOVELTIES FOR WOM EN AND GIRLS.

Mohair-Business Woman's Dress Necessity for Pockets-Notes of the Modes.



LABORATE dressing of the hair is woman with not becoming, she is fortunate whose heavy tresses allow only close coiling.

THE

For her who only a few years ago cut her hair short and who finds the locks grow slowly, the accompanying model of hair dressing will be of interest. The hair is crimped all over to the ends. About the region of the old-time bang the ends are allowed to follow their own good will, only they are curled loosely and at the temples are urged into the downward tendency now required. The rest of the

hair is drawn loosely to a knot at the

the ends are merely coaxed to meet at

the back of the head. No matter how

little lock at the place where the lock

ought to be, at the back of the head, is

freed and puffed over into a loose roll

that gives the outline of a knot. The

ugly places where the ends are drawn

together are hidden by a clever arrange-

ment of three or four chrysanthemums

half held together by coiled loops of

ribbon. The ribbon and the fluffiness of

the flowers serve also to fill out the

needed contour which the locks are too

scant to supply, and at the same time

to cover all ragged places. The general

effect is charming. The cut of the

bodice here is worth notice, too, for it

suits perfectly a woman a little too

slender to wear bared throat, neck, and

shoulders. The throat above the collar

bones and the unfailingly pretty turn

of the shoulder are all that are exposed.

This is quite unlike the ordinary cut of

evening bodice, which is square in the

back to show the shoulder dimples, and

V shaped in front. The devices of con-

cealment for those who cannot wear

such gowns successfully are very num-

erous, all sorts of collars and neck fix-

ings being in the list, but this pictured

trick is quite the superior of most of

Who Says Pockets Are Needed?

able to drive a nail without hitting her

fingers every other time, but she can

stow away more articles in a chatelaine

bag than a man can in the seventeen

This was proven by a bright news-

space was clear at the table-they were

dining in a French restaurant. One by

one she brought out and put upon the

cloth the following articles: A gold

chain bracelet, knife, nail cleaner, glove

hook, vinaigrette, looking glass, fruit

knife, pencil, string of gold beads, pin-

cushion, paper knife, letter, match box,

comb, three keys on a ring, two hand-

kerchiefs, veil, purse, a lead Joseph,

Columbian half-dollar, rubber band,

match, check, time table, three passes

on the Pennsylvania railroad, seventeen

pennies, a bonbonniere containing three-

Mardi-Gras medal, a 10-cent piece, two

Fall River passes, a note-book, postal

cents, \$19 in bills, sample calendar, the

last two lines of a love-letter, book of

court-plaster, a lock of iron gray hair,

paper woman the other evening.

pockets of which he boasts,

Woman, the new or old, may not be

many patent hairpins are used

back, or if not long enough for a knot, | cloth, however, is thin and has a cool

gray mohair and white silk. The godet skirt is banded with two folds of white taffeta at either side of the front bretelles o. white silk with a collar to match. The left side has a pocket for watch or handkerchief, and the tie and belt are of black and white striped silk. A white sailor hat garnished with

white ribbon, black wings and black chiffon, completes the costume. Mohair is often lined with silk in contrasting color, the silk showing breadth, while the blouse waist, which fastens at the side and shows the severe plainness of a tailor-made, has

through the lace insertion placed pretty

much everywhere on skirt and bodice.

The craze for cutting up goods to show

that there is other stuff still better be-

neath shows no sign of diminishment.

Grass-Cloth Gowns.

One of the most stylish gowns one

can have for the street nowadays is

made of grass cloth. It looks linen and

isn't, and for that reason it is cool.

Nothing is hotter than linen for sum-

mer wear, unless it is duck. Grass

tint as well. It is being made up into

all sorts of garments, from a sailor col-

lar to a whole dress. The sailor collars

are like an epidemic, so numerous are

they, and there seems to be no pros-

pect of a decrease of popularity. They

are made plain with hemstitched edges.

These are cheap and may be worn over

a dark dress if desired. The more ele-

gant ones have an edge of lace and

the heavier the lace, the more expensive

the collar. Made-up fronts of grass

cloth and lace insertion, with stock col-

The top of the table was pretty well in contempt, and remarks her clothes covered. To get all those things back as a question of covering only. The wominto an ordinary sized alligator bag an whose dress is neat, stylish, becomseemed as impossible as the task of ling and suitable to the time and place, is the fisherman in the "Arabian Nights" who freed the genius of the sea, and then wished to get him back into the jar from which he liberated him.

The articles were replaced with such snuggness and dexterity that there was still room for more. Yet men say women need pockets!

A Maid in Mohair.

Mohair is made up in combination with cloth, but it is a risky thing for the the resort of the amateur to attempt it unless hers is a case of having a "short length." Some very luxuriant locks | very faunty rigs have been turned out and if she is pretty of white mohair in combination with and the elaboration | blue cloth, and of black mohair and black broadcloth. The mohair is used the envy of the un- | for skirt, blouse front, revers, and bandings. Even better than this is the de-



sign shown here, which combines silver

the woman with whom they like best to deal. They do not want diamond earrings to flash in their ears, when dictating to their stenographers, but they resent it as an affront to themselves if her dress is soiled, antiquated in pattern, ill-fitting and unbecoming. Good clothes may not be essential to success, but they are more or less an index to ourselves, and it is only the woman who is sure of her position in every way who can afford to let the index be misleading. Business-women who are depending upon their own exertions for a comfortable livelihood cannot afford to be anything but neatly dressed.

How is miladi going to get into her dainty dancing slippers next winter if she goes about in wide-toed, sensible high walking boots all summer? That is just what she is now doing, and the same high boots, reaching half way to the knees, are immensely becoming. Her foot looks as tiny as can be, for all the shoe is twice the size of the dancing slipper, or seems so; or is it that women are becoming wiser in their judgment of pretty feet? String colored shoes, with stockings to match, are worn with all light dresses, as tan and black have been in past seasons. Linen color shoes wear well, and, since custom admits it, have ceased to look dingy, even if worn with pure white dresses, as they often are.-Washington Times.

Figured duck is made up with a bagging front to the bodice of plain duck, a panel down the front of the skirt being of white duck to match. Black lawn, accordion plaited, and worn with a little white duck jacket that spreads widely open in front to show the loose blouse of the lawn, makes a stunning | homey, imperiously waving his hand, gown. It should be worn with an all- | "you will observe that our Amazons black and cloud-like picture hat, or | never retreat any more." with a very trig rough straw in black, bound close with a roll of white duck | nificantly. for a band,

Fads and Functor.

A new style of collar is in lawn, finely tucked, and finished with Russian veinings. The deep frills also are tucked Tribune. and put onto the yoke with the veining. Underskirts of rustling shot silk are still worn for street wear with a dark

Point de Flanders is a wonderfully effective and especially favored new

Mohair is fast pushing the long-suf-

BAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE an on the Read-Keep Bight at 15-Flotcam and Jotpani from Mumor's Everflowing Tide. Sensible Shoes of the Season.

> Are shown in her face! She's no faith in buttons, Her feet seem immense, And she longs for the lee Of a sheltering fence. Possession but seldom Contentment ensures; A woman who only The trousers secures Figured Duck,

Gets little but worry For fear she may tear 'em Unless with them goes A husband to wear 'em. -Truth.

fact-

His clothes are "the style."

When a woman dons bloomers

How altered the case.

What complex emotions

Strategy. "Aha," exclaimed the King of Da-

FUNNY WRITERS.

HEN FIRST HE

There comes to a

thrill and a feel-

Of wonderful joys

With hands in his

He's aware of que

pockets.

smile.

Complacent

dons the trous-

The potentate touched his brow sig-

"Oh, yes," he proceeded, "our head is something larger than a peanut. We knew what we were doing when we had our soldiers fitted with uniforms that wrinkle in the back. Yes."-Detroit



Wandering Willie-For the lan' sakel What's dat, Ike? Robinson Crusce? Weary Ike-I dunno fer sure, but I tink it must be one of dem noo women de comic papers writes about-de first one on de road.-Truth.

Extreme Measures. "Mandy," said Farmer Corntonel, thoughtfully, "hen it occurred to you thet Josiar is gittin' kinder sassy?" "It has, I must say," confessed the

closely box-plaited, introducing a bunch young man's mother. "An' don't it seem ter you that he's sorter shif'less, too?"

"Yes," she sighed," "He's too big ter lick now, or we could fix it all right in no time. He's got ter be disciplined somehow."

"Whut are ye goin' to do?" "Send 'lm ter college next fall. It's terrible severe, an' I hate ter do it, but nothin' short of a good hazin 'll make any impression on thet boy."-Wash

ington Star.

Gorman Dizer-What do you do for a living when your summer boarders leave you?

abaout Berkshire Farmer-Waal, same as I've been doin'-keep on fatten ing hogs.-Truth.

Happy by Comparison. "Hello, McGinnis, you look blue. What is the matter? "Matter enough. Boll on the back

of my neck!" "By George! old fellow, I sympathise with you!"

"But you are not looking remarkably cheerful yourself, Whackster. Anything wrong with you?" "My wife is cleaning house."

(Fervently)-Thank heaven for boil.—New York Mercury.

Views of a Philosopher. Everett Wrest-I see that down South America they have been training monkeys to work in the cotton fie Now what do you think of that? Dismal Tramp-I don't think nothing strange of it. I can't see no diffe between a man that works and a mon

key nohow.-Cincinnati Tribune. An Effectual Threat.

An Irish glazier was putting of glass in a window, when a who was standing by, began him, telling him to mind and put in ty of putty. The Irishman bore to ter for some time, but at last his termenter by, "Arrah, head widout any putty!"

Hessian embroidered stockings are lars of the same, are sold to go with much the fad. Gratefal. Thanks," murmured the Pilgrim, Thanks, awfully.

Detroit Tribune.

know that I suffer.

consult a veterinary surgeon.

worn with the blouse

specks of jet.

fering crepon to the wall.

gigut sleeves of silk.

of flowers at the side.

close-fitting at the wrists.

A new jersey blouse has been seen,

fitting the form snugly and having huge

A pretty collar can be made of ruffles

of chiffon doubled on the cross and

A novel dust-cloak is shown by one of

the exclusive shops, which would be of

marvelous value to one traveling, and

which could be copied very easily and

at very little cost. It is composed of

fawn alpaca, with a double box-plait

xtending from throat to hem, from be-

neath which a deep frill of brown guip-

ure lace falls over the shoulders. The

sleeves are puffed to the elbows and

A beautiful new material is in gossa-

mer effect, and looks very lovely over

colored silks. It is finely dotted with

The new Countess bow in foulard is a

new specialite, and combines to form a

collar and how in one, and is to be

The Flery Dragon was at no pains to conceal his annoyance, conjecturing that he was being guyed. "Why do you thank me?" he demand-

ed, with asperity. "If you were I," sighed the Pilgrim, "and hadn't had a drop to drink in forty-eight hours, I guess you'd appreclate anything that biteth like a serpent or stingeth like an adder. Yes. As he spoke his eyes filled with tears

Strong Brains.

A mild hit of repartee is reported as having occurred between the poet Baxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes. They were talking about brain faver, when Mr. Saxe remarked:

"I once had a severe attack of brain fever myself." "How could you have brain fever?" asked Mr. Holmes, smilling. "It is only

strong brains that have brain fever." "How did you find that out?" asked Baxe.—Ex.

Whom to Consult. Doctor (to patient)—What alls you? Patient-Indeed, I don't know. I only

"What kind of a life do you lead?" "I work like an ox, I eat like a wolf, I am as tired as a dog and sleep like "In that case I should advise you to

Had Learned the Lesson. "At last I understand," sighed Mr. Homeflat, wearily, as he put a slat in the bedstead, and saw that it didn't

"Understand what?" said his wife, hammering the tack into the carpet. "At last," answered Mr. Homeflat, "I understand the true force of that phrase, "a moving scene."-Chicago I wid ye, or else I'll put a

summer jackets, or if one wishes to

combine the two-sailor collar and front -it is not necessary to wear a jacket, as the front is finished with the tabs of the collar. Cream lace combines nicely with grass cloth and is so much admired that a new variety has been made with a lace stripe woven in. Some kinds have green underneath the lace stripe, and the combination is very pretty. grass-cloth gown pictured here has yoke and sleeves of green and trimmings of lace as indicated.

Business Woman's Dress.

The business-woman cannot afford to disregard the conventionalities of dress. telegraph blank, a pass to Boston, ad- | She is wisest and most far-seeing who vertisement of a 50-cent table d'hote follows in the wake of the present day | Mt. dinner, a change purse, containing 49 fashions, avoiding exaggerations or absurdities. Men have small patience with the woman who departs from conventional dress standards, nor have they much admiration for that other woman who holds all matters of dress